

THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



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"IN PASTURES GREEN."

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"April is here!

There's a song in the maple, thrilling and new;

There's a flash of wings of heaven's own blue;

There's a veil of green on the nearer hills;

There's a burst of rapture in woodland rills;

There are stars in the meadow, dropped here and there;

There's a breath of arbutus in the air;

There's a dash of rain as if flung in jest;

There's an arch of color spanning the west;

April is here!"

For The Beacon.

The Midnight Race.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

In Two Parts. Part I.

"Who's that?" Stafford asked; and the other boys, following the direction of his glance, saw a slim, ungainly appearing fellow jump from the Camp wagon.

"I don't know who he is, but he's a rangy-looking chap," Lakefield answered. "Perhaps he's a sprinter. Staff, you're a crack

long-distance man; but, if he can swing those legs fast, you better look out!"

Stafford laughed as did the rest; for he had captured many medals during his four seasons at Camp Winewah, and had won his school letter as a member of the track team.

"Laugh away," Fred Stacey said, the pitcher on the Camp nine, "but surprise packages don't have 'Surprise' written on them."

Stafford smiled again. "You're thinking of that little chap who knocked one of your curves into the Lake last summer. I guess

there's no danger for me; it takes more than long legs to win. But he has them sure enough. Mr. Graves is bringing him over."

"Hello, boys," Mr. Graves, the Camp director said, coming up; "this is Wilber Leighton, the last arrival for Camp. Lakefield, you introduce him round."

Hardly were the introductions over when the bugler sounded the signal for the evening meal. Immediately there was a rush to the dining cottage; and Ted Lakefield piloted the shy Leighton to his assigned place at one of the tables.

Camp Winewah the preceding summer had been badly beaten by teams from the other camps on the Lake; and the athletic director of Winewah, Mr. Field,—familiarly called by the campers "Link," his college nickname,—had vowed that it would not happen again. So in the search for material for his teams, he questioned every boy carefully who entered the Camp as to his athletic ability; and, if he had never played in any games, he was immediately urged to do so.

After dining, the boys spread around for the evening fun; but Field drew Leighton aside, and talked with him earnestly for a little time. Afterward he came up with Leighton and left him in a group in which were Stafford and Lakefield.

"What did 'Link' say, Leighton?" Lakefield asked in his usual friendly way. "Tell you what you had better go into?"

"Yes," was the answer; "he said I could probably do some of the long-distance running"—

"There—Staff!" Stacey interrupted. "What'd I tell you?"

The others laughed, but Stafford's face lost its confident smile. "Ever do any track work in your school?" he asked.

"No." Leighton's thin face flushed. "You see—you see, I haven't been in a school where they had those things. But I've got good wind, and I guess I can do a little."

"If you think that's all there is to it," Stafford said, grinning, "you're mistaken, and you've got lots to learn. Never had any coaching, did you?"

Leighton shook his head, his face reddening a bit under the sting of Stafford's sarcastic words. "No, but that isn't always necessary, is it?"

"Necessary!" Stafford echoed scornfully. "Well, say, you *are* green! Of course, it is! 'Link' was jollying you—handing you a little kind taffy. He didn't mean what he said, I'll bet."

"Didn't I?" suddenly a voice said, and they turned to see Field himself looking at Stafford, a sort of gray, half-smile on his face, and his eyes a little stern and hard. "Don't you be too sure, Staff. You, too, have much to learn: one thing—what 'Link' Field says he means!"

Stafford's face flushed, and his voice flared up hot. "Perhaps I have much to learn; but I'll tell you one thing—no farmer like him can beat me! Look at his legs—regular stilts, and knees like knobs—pooh!"

"I did not say that he could beat you," Field said, quietly, and started to say more; but Stafford walked angrily away in the direction of his tent. Field watched him for a moment, then left with a shake of his head.

"Don't mind Staff," Lakefield said gently to Leighton, noticing his white, pained

face. "He's mighty hot-tempered, and speaks out that way when he has no good reason; but he's really a good fellow after you understand him."

"Yes," Stacey broke in again, "but he's got one huge bump!"

"He ought to pitch a while like you, Stacey; he'd get bumped enough then to lose it," Lakefield said.

"'Tis sad, 'tis true," Stacey agreed. "But watch me this season!" He noticed Leighton going to his tent. "Staff cut Leighton deep by talking the way he did. I'm sorry."

"So'm I," Lakefield said slowly. "Staff was right; a fellow does need coaching; but he needn't have blazed up when 'Link' spoke to him."

"Let's drop in Leighton's tent, and try and cheer him up," Stacey suggested. "It's about time for the 'Lights-out' bugle."

A little later the mellow tones of the bugle sounded silverly over the quiet lake. The lights in the tents and cottages went out. There was a creaking of bunks; then the low hum of conversation; slowly the hum died away; and at last silence lay over the white tents arranged in regular order up the slope beyond the beach, over the dining cottage, over Birchmere, the general living cottage. The round golden moon shone brightly, and the trees around the cottages, the tents, the wide athletic field, took on color tones of soft gray. Out on the lake there was no sound or motion; even the waves had ceased to whisper on the beach.

When the night silence was everywhere, Stacey woke up suddenly. The other boys in his tent were sleeping, but something had aroused him. He listened. Far out on the lake he heard the rapid purr of a motor-boat driven at full speed. Lifting the canvas side of the tent, he peered out. He could see the light on the boat burning like a great yellow eye. "By Jove! it's heading right in here!" he muttered, and waited. It was not an uncommon occurrence for motor-boats to go up and down the lake, but it was very unusual for them to be driven so fast, and to come into the bay where the Camp was located.

On it came, straight up to the wharf. In the tents the boys were beginning to wake. Stacey saw two men get out of the boat, lift something heavy and dark between them, and stumble up to the dining cottage. A moment later a light flared in the room where Dr. Stetson, the Camp physician, slept, and the sound of earnest, anxious voices followed.

Suddenly two figures came running from the cottage in the direction of the tents. Stacey recognized Mr. Graves and the doctor. They came hurriedly up to Stacey's tent, and called in to Field, who slept there.

Field woke up. "Hullo! what's wanted?" he answered sleepily.

Dr. Stetson spoke hurriedly. "A man from a party of campers up the lake has just been brought in pretty far gone. I've got to send for some special medicine if I save him. It's an unusual case. Here's the prescription. Hitch up the horse!"

Field was wide awake then. "Phew—but, Doc, I can't do it, man! The old horse drove a nail into her foot just as we were going into the barn to-night. She couldn't do it possibly! It's no use, I tell you; she couldn't go a step!"

"Then we're up against it, that's all," the doctor said grimly. "I've got to have that

special drug or the man dies. If it were only to-morrow, and that telephone were in!" he added despairingly.

By that time the whole Camp was aroused, and white figures in pajamas were crowding around the tent, talking in low, excited whispers.

"We must do something, and do it quickly," Mr. Graves said desperately. "They came down here for help, and we must help them."

Lakefield spoke up. "Pardon me, sir, but it's only four miles to the village, and some of the fellows could run it, perhaps."

Field jumped. "Doc, will that do?"

"Yes, if good time is made, but every second will count," was the answer.

"It'll be done! I'll go myself,"—Field's voice sank,—"but I haven't run a rod in eight years. Hold on! you lads on the track team—you Staff! Webster! Smith! Haines! get on your running stuff—yes, shoes, everything. You've got to do it; it's a rough country road, but you've got to make it!"

A tall form squeezed in through the group of campers to Field. "May I try to make it, sir?" the voice of Leighton asked, hesitatingly. Field stared at him in silence for a moment. "Why, sure, lad! Go ahead!" he said, heartily.

"Thank you, sir," Leighton answered gratefully, and went away to make his preparations.

In the tents and around them was the hum of excitement and feverish conversation. The white figures broke into groups, and discussed the chances of the boys whom Field had picked. They were all on the Camp track team, with the exception of Leighton, and, if there were not the serious purpose of the errand to think of, his going would almost seem a joke.

In front of Field's tent the runners gathered, five of them, trim and white, eager as greyhounds under leash for the long dash through the moonlight.

The doctor was speaking, his voice clear and even in the stillness. "When you reach the village, wake up Gleaston, the druggist, and have him drive back with the medicine as fast as he can."

Field gave his directions in the quick, fiery voice the boys had heard him use just as they were about to enter some final, hotly contested game. "You must do it, boys. It'll be hard work. Look out for the rough roads, go careful where it is dark; but keep on—one of you must get there—one of you must get there! Staff, you take this; it's got the prescription wrapped in it; hold it in your fist. I'll send some boys along with blankets, and come myself. Now go!"

(To be concluded.)

Get Up and Scratch.

Said one little chick, with a funny little squirm,

"I wish I could find a nice fat worm."

Said a second little chick with a queer little shrug,

"I wish I could find a nice fat bug."

Said a third little chick with a strange little squeal,

"I wish I could find some nice yellow meal."

"Now look here," said the mother from the green garden patch,

"If you want any breakfast, you must get up and scratch."

For the Beacon.

How to Make a Bird House.

BY KENNETH H. CASSON.

After reading an article in a recent issue of *The Beacon*, entitled "Mr. Baynes and his Feathered and Four-footed Friends," I decided to give to the readers of this paper instructions and plans showing how to build a bird house. Any boy, with a few tools, a little lumber, and average ability, can construct this house for the birds.

It is best to start on the base. The edges must be planed true and the corners square, as you may have particular tenants in your house. The base is of one-half-inch wood, but all the rest of the pieces are one-quarter-inch in thickness.

After the floor, sides, ends, and roof pieces are finished, start nailing and gluing them together. Begin with the base; fasten the ends to it; then the sides are put in. All joints should be securely made with three-quarter-inch brads and glue.

Before putting on the roof paint the inside of the house a dark color, preferably green, and fasten the house to a pole. Be sure to have the edges of the roof pieces bevelled where they meet. Put a narrow strip of tin on the top of the roof over the joint.

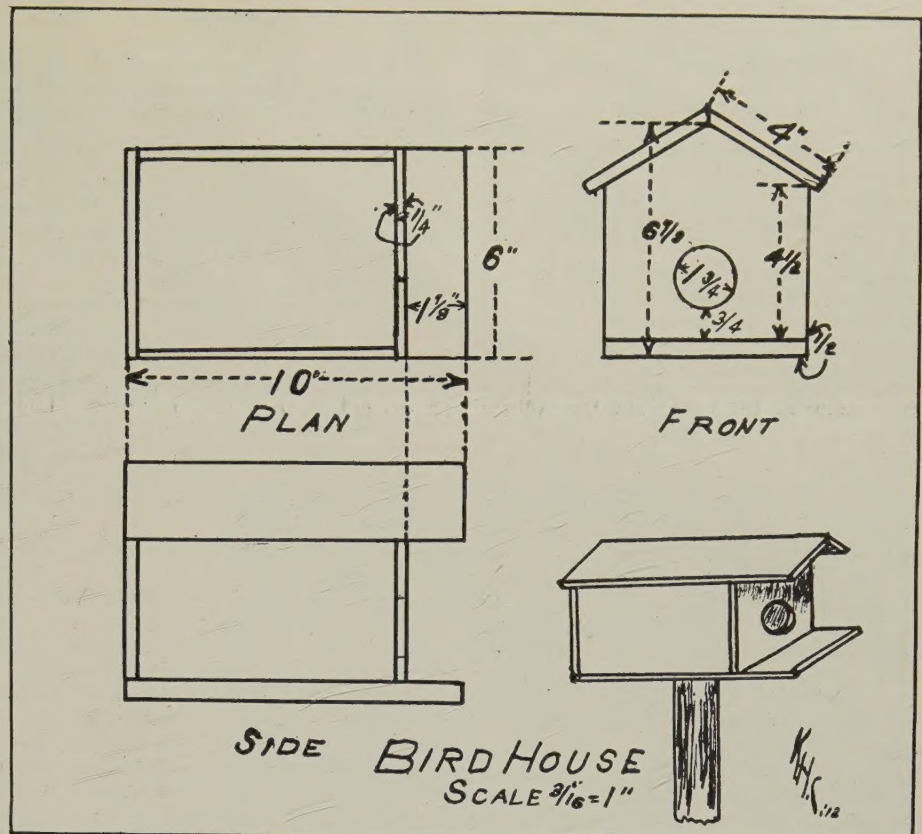
Mounting the house is done by putting a large screw through the floor into the top of the pole. Countersink the hole in the floor to receive the head of the screw. Get four iron braces, usually used for shelves, and screw them to the pole and the floor of the house. Do not use long screws.

If there are cats in the vicinity, make a cat-guard for the pole. Get a piece of tin, fourteen inches long, six inches wide, and bend it into the shape of a candle shade, making the hole in the top to fit the pole several feet from the house. Fasten this to the pole by putting nails or screws through holes near the top edge of the tin.

When the house is mounted, put on the roof. Now give the entire outside of the house a good coat of paint. When this is dry, set the pole firmly in the ground.

If the pole is placed near a window, you can watch the birds from the house. Put a few bread crumbs on the window sill, and by and by the birds will learn to come for their breakfast. If they have little ones, they will carry the best crumbs to them.

It is pleasant to watch the birds building their nest in the house in the springtime. They very soon become friends to you, and are not afraid when you are near. You will find your labor in building this house well repaid.



good to her and had played for hours and hours at a time with her, and had sat up all night with her when she had had scarlet fever, and, when she was getting better, had read to her and told her lovely stories. And to think it was father who had let this terrible, awful thing happen to her, so that Elinor Roberts had been able to call her a—Cordelia Lucy shivered—no, she could not even breath it to the grass. The only thing left for her to do was to go and die like the Babes in the Wood and let the robins cover her with leaves; yes, she had better go at once before Nurse came to find her, for she couldn't even look Nurse in the face. She raised herself slowly from the grass.

"Cordy, Cordy, Cordelia Lucy!"

"FATHER!" Cordelia dropped down on the grass again as if she had been shot, hiding her face in her hands. "If I stay ever so still, Father will never be able to find me," she thought.

"Cordelia, Cor-del-ia!" the voice came nearer and nearer. Cordelia Lucy crouched further in the grass.

"Cor-del-ia— Why, Cordy, what ever is the matter? Have you hurt yourself? Or are you playing hide-and-go-seek, like the ostrich, thinking if you hide your face, Father won't be able to find you?" and Cordelia felt herself being lifted off of the ground. She gave a little sob.

"Why, why, whatever is my little girl crying about? Come, tell Father what the trouble is, and see if he can't make it right. Have you hurt yourself, or broken your best doll, or quarreled with your little playmates?"

At the word "playmates" Cordelia sobbed harder than ever.

"Oh, ho, so it is the playmates, is it. Well, tell Father all about it and see if he can help you, or we'll go in and tell Mother."

"No, no, no!" shrieked Cordelia, in an agony of fear, "I can never, never tell Mother."

"Why, Cordelia," and Father's voice was very stern; Cordelia Lucy had never heard

it like that before, "what have you done that you are afraid to tell Mother about?" and Cordelia Lucy's hands were gently but firmly removed from her little swollen face.

"Now!"

"They—they—Elinor," sobbed Cordelia Lucy, in little gasps, "said that I was a—a—step."

"A what?"

"A—step—they said that you had made me one, and—and—it was a dreadful thing to be, and—and"—

"You poor little morsel of humanity!" Cordelia Lucy had only heard Father's voice once like that before, and that was when the doctor said that she would get better of the scarlet fever, "and so that was what all these tears were about? Now stop crying and listen to me, and then we'll go in and tell Mother all about it, it feels ever so much better when we can tell Mother about things, doesn't it?"

Cordelia Lucy nodded.

"Well, then, dear, it is no disgrace to be a step-daughter, for that is what I suppose you mean, when you say I have made you a 'step.' When you were a little bit of a baby, your own real father died, and Mother was so lonely without him that I came to take care of her and of you. You see a step-father means some one that isn't your own real father, but who tries his best to be a father to all the little girls and boys who haven't any real father of their own. You won't love me any the less because I don't happen to be your real father, will you?"

"No," answered Cordelia Lucy, pressing a face in which the sunshine was struggling with the rain up against her step-father's.

And so the mantle of disgrace fell off Cordelia Lucy's shoulders forever.

Follow Light and do the right,
For man can half-control his doom.

TENNYSON.

For The Beacon.

The Disgrace of Cordelia Lucy.

BY MARGARET ERSKINE.

Cordelia Lucy crept across the lawn, skirting behind the trees for fear the very windows of the old house, that had known her since she was a tiny baby, should witness her disgrace. Through the little rustic gate she sped into the orchard and safety; then, throwing herself face downwards on the grass, under the spreading branches of the old apple tree, that had always been her refuge in her childish sorrows and her sharer in her childish joys, she wept bitter tears.

How could she ever look any one, her playmates, her mother, in the face again, after the terrible, awful disgrace that had come to darken her life; and, worst of all, she could never, never tell mother, because, you see, there was father; and he had always been so

For The Beacon.

The Weed and the Oak.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

Once upon a time an acorn fell into a little hole in the ground. When the warm days of spring came, and the earth about it was moist, the acorn began to grow into an oak tree.

Very, very slowly it grew. Little by little the green stalk rose above the ground into the sunshine of the summer air. So slowly it grew that one could hardly see any difference from week to week.

Close beside it there sprang up a little weed, whose seed had fallen into the ground at the same time. Unlike the acorn, it grew very fast. Every day it made new progress. One could almost see it grow as one watched.

When the weed had grown a little taller than the tiny oak, it became very proud. It spoke with scorn of its smaller neighbor. All day long it raised its head above the other, and nodded proudly in the summer's wind.

"Why don't you grow as fast as I do?" asked the weed, scornfully.

"I am growing as fast as I can," replied the little oak, modestly.

"Oh, you are too slow for anything," exclaimed the weed. "I would be ashamed if it took me all summer to reach such a little distance. Just watch me grow!"

The little oak said nothing, but kept on growing a little every day. If it felt hurt by the words of the other, it never allowed the hurt to prevent it from steadily growing.

By and by the weed became very large. It was almost as high as a man, and had big bushy leaves. It was so large that it shut out most of the sunshine from the little oak, which had to grow as best it could in the shade.

So things went until the summer had gone, and the first cold breath of the winter came. Then one day the big weed, which had lost its leaves and its green, fell flat upon the ground when a strong wind struck it.

But the little oak, that had grown so slowly all through the summer, stood just as straight and strong as ever, and all through the cold winter, when the snow fell and fell until it was completely covered by the big, fleecy blanket.

The next spring it started where it had stopped the fall before. Day by day it grew in just the same steady way. Its leaves were a little larger, as were its stalk and branches.

That summer again weeds grew beside it, just like the one of the summer before. And in a short time they had grown higher than the little oak, and made the same scornful remarks about its slowness.

But the little oak did not care now about what weeds said concerning it, and kept right on growing. When the winter came again, the weeds once more faded and fell.

So matters went until at last the little oak became a big oak, thrusting its thickening branches into the sunshine. And from its height it looked down upon the little weeds that grew beneath its shade.

Let none of us try to grow too fast in anything. The best always develops slowly. A mushroom grows in a night and is poisonous. A weed grows in a summer and dies. An oak takes many years to grow and is strong and splendid. Let us all try to become as strong and splendid as the oak.

God's Bird.

The educated daughter of an Omaha chief tells the following story. It illustrates the method by which the red man trains his children:

I remember the first time I ever heard the name of God. I was a very little girl, playing about the tent one summer day, when I found a little bird lying hurt on the ground. It was a fledgling that had fallen from the tree and fluttered some distance from the nest.

"Ah!" I thought, "now this is mine." I was delighted and ran about with it in my hand.

"What have you there, Lugette?" said one of the men who was at work in the field.

"It is a bird. It is mine," I said.

He looked at it. "No; it is not yours. You must not hurt it. You have no right to it."

"Not mine?" I said. "I found it. Whose is it, then?"

"It is God's. You must give it back to him."

I did not dare to disobey. "Where is God? How shall I give it back to him?"

"He is here. Go to the high grass yonder, near its nest, and lay it down, and say 'God, here is thy bird, again!' He will hear you."

I went to the tall grass, crying and awed, and did as he bid me. I laid it down on the grass in a warm, sunny spot, and said, "God, here is thy bird again."

I never forgot that lesson.

Christian Observer.

Flock of the Hills.

Down the trail they tinkle, tinkle—

Ah, I see them single-lined;

While the ox-eyed daisies sprinkle

Gold upon the summer wind.

Down the highlands where the pastures

Are abloom with purple thyme;

Where sure-footed o'er the boulders

One by one they graze and climb;

Down the highlands they are winding

In the even and the dew

Toward the farmhouse window, shining

Like a star deep in the blue.

And the music of their coming

Lingers with me through the day;

Lingers with me in the present

When my locks are tinged with gray.

Oh, it rings away the sadness,

This glad music of the past,

When adown the pleasant valley

Even brought the sheep at last;

Brought them with their bells a-tinkle,

Brought them with their bells a-chime;

And I saw them safely folded,

In those childhood days of mine.

Then at morning—what a glory

When the gold had banished gray!

Then I sent them toward the highlands,

Up the steep path of the way

Where I saw their dew-damp fleeces

Catch the rose-light in the dells;

Saw them, straying, crush beneath them

Vagrant sprays of lily-bells;

Heard their music as I left them

Fainter grow along the hill

Till it was no longer wafted,

And the wide, wide world was still.

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LII.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 3, 16, 2, 6, 7, 15, is to make.

My 11, 6, 7, is a domestic animal.

My 3, 9, 13, 10, is a vegetable.

My 14, 5, 6, 1, is not far.

My 4, 8, 11, 15, is a food much used by the Chinese.

My 7, 12, 2, is part of the foot.

My whole is what we all enjoy.

EDMUND H. LATHAM.

ENIGMA LIII.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 2, 8, 10, is a household pet.

My 1, 8, 10, is what you do every day.

My 10, 11, 8, is a product of Japan.

My 6, 5, 8, is a body of water.

My 2, 8, 12, 1, is a receptacle for treasures.

My 6, 4, 11, 5, 10, is a form of rain.

My 7, 3, 11, 9, are favorite desserts.

My whole is a book in the Bible.

LUCILE BURLEIGH.

A FLOWER GARDEN IN ANAGRAM.

1. A tin acorn.
2. A lid on end.
3. To live.
4. I run game.
5. I cheat pa.
6. A nut pie.
7. Shad ail.
8. Rope it hole.
9. Stare.
10. An can.
11. On as I beg.

KATHERINE L. CARPENTER.

A WORD SQUARE.

(Each word contains five letters.)

1. Is used in bread.
2. A girl's name.
3. A tree.
4. Separates fine from coarse.
5. A doctrine,—a principle.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 27.

ENIGMA XLVIII.—San Francisco.

ENIGMA XLIX.—Wendell Phillips.

AN EXAMINATION IN PHYSIOLOGY.—1. Hand and foot. 2. Drums. 3. Nails. 4. Palate (Palette). 5. Insteps (Inn steps). 6. Temples. 7. Palms. 8. Chest. 9. Heart (Hart). 10. Pupils.

Contributions have been received from Dorothy Barker, Kennebunk, Me.; Joyce Brennan, Ware, Mass.; Katherine L. Carpenter, Berlin, Mass.; Irma Sterneberg, Cincinnati, Ohio; and Clarke Yerrington, Providence, R.I.

Answers to puzzles have been sent by Miss A. J., Billerica, Mass., a reader seventy-six years young; Irma Sternberg, Cincinnati, Ohio; Esther A. Walling, Meadville, Pa.; Martha W. Horne, Dorchester, Mass.; and Edmund H. Latham, Farmington, Me.

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